

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. LXIV.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1824.

[PRICE 2d.]

Illustrations of Shakspeare.

No. I.

LONDON STONE.



It is one of the distinguishing characteristics of Shakspeare and places him far above all other writers, that he not only possessed the most correct knowledge of the human character, but his mind was so richly stored with historical facts and local traditions, that the most trifling incident or circumstance that could bear on any subject he had in hand; never escaped his notice. Not that our immortal Bard was a mere matter of fact writer; no man ever possessed a more fertile, or a more lively imagination; with him to create was as easy as to revive, and as Dr. Johnson well observes, "Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign," for he "exhausted worlds and then imagined new."

LONDON STONE, which may be justly considered as one of the most

interesting relics of antiquity in the metropolis, is noticed by Shakspeare in the Second Part of the play of Henry VI., which embraces an account of the formidable insurrection headed by Jack Cade, at the instigation of Richard, Duke of York, who aspired to the crown. Jack Cade, in the sixth scene of the fourth act, is described as entering Cannon-street with his followers, and striking "his staff on London Stone," exclaiming, "Now is Mortimer Lord of this City."

And here sitting upon London Stone, I charge and command, that the City's conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other, than Lord Mortimer.

The very stones which Jack Cade so stampingly struck more than three

centuries and a half ago is still preserved, and that nearly on the spot where it formerly stood. It is now reduced considerably in size; and not as Stowe described it in his time, "fixed in the ground very deep, fastened with bars of iron, and otherwise so strongly set, that if carter do runne against it through negligence, the wheeles be broken and the stone itself unshaken."

All that now remains of this once formidable stone—this proud emblem of sovereignty, is a mere fragment which has been placed in a niche prepared for it in the South Wall of St. Swithin's Church, Cannon-street. It was formerly of very great dimensions, and stood on the South side of the same street; until the year 1742, when it was removed to the edge of the kirb stone on the north side.

Men of business are not generally very remarkable for their attachment to memorials of antiquity, particularly if they consider them an obstruction, and we are, therefore, not surprised that when the church of St. Swithin was repaired in 1706, some of the parishioners should declare this relic a nuisance, which ought to be removed. Fortunately, however, this gentleman was found to interfere, and rescue famed "London Stone" from annihilation: the name of this citizen is worthy of being handed down to posterity, if it was the only "great and good deed" of his life. To Mr. Thomas Maiden, of Sherborne Lane, are we indebted for the preservation of this singular relic, which he caused to be placed in its present situation.

The origin of London Stone has defeated all the researches of Antiquaries, who are still compelled to acknowledge with Stowe, that "the cause why this stone was there set, the very time when, or other memory hereof is there none; but that the same hath long continued there is manifest, namely, since or rather before the time of the conquest."

The earliest record in which this venerable monument of forgotten ages is mentioned, is in a Gospel Book which was given to Christ Church, Canterbury, by Ethelstan, King of the West Saxons, where a parcel of Land is described "to ly neare unto London Stone." It is again noticed in an account of a fire which in the year 1135, is said to have "began in the house of one Ailward, neare unto London Stone," and consumed all the city eastward to Aldgate.

Stowe has collected the opinions and conjectures of his day on the subject. Some conceived it to have been a mark to designate the middle of the city within

the walls—but it was not placed in the centre which overturns this theory. Others conceived it must have been placed for the lending and paying of debts at appointed times, before St. Paul's Church and the Royal Exchange had been fixed upon for such purpose: but the most improbable of all conjectures is, that it was erected by a person of the name of Londonstone—for at this time, men rather took names from places than gave them.

The most rational inference is that of Strype, who considers it to have been originally a Roman miliary of the same kind, though less splendid than the *Miliarium Aureum*, a gilded pillar, erected by Augustus Caesar, in the forum at Rome. Here all the highways of Italy met, and were concluded; and from this spot they counted their miles, setting up a stone at the end of every mile, whence came the phrase of *Primus ab urbe lapis*, &c.

As Cannon Street was anciently the principally street of London, it is more than probable, that this Stone was the place where proclamations were read, and notices given to the people, as was afterwards the case at the Cross in Cheapside, St. Paul's Cross, and other places. It seems to have been the first point where Jack Cade rested, on entering the city from Southwark, and where he promised his followers, that the city conduit should flow with claret for the first year of his reign.

London Stone appears to have been held in superstitious veneration by the citizens, from some circumstance which is unrecorded. They considered it as connected with the safety of their city, and it is probable that there was a popular tradition among the English on the subject, similar to that which the Scots have, respecting the marble chair on which their kings were crowned.

*"Ni fallat fatum, Scoti quocunque locatum,
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem."*

Which may be thus translated:

"Where'er this stone is found, or Fate's decree is vain,
The Scots the same shall hold, and there supremely reign."

If there were really any such tradition respecting London Stone, and we are far from thinking it improbable, then have we sufficient reason why Jack Cade should strike it triumphantly, and exclaim, "Now is Mortimer Lord of this city!" A few days, however, proved the fallacy of his boast, for his whole army was routed, and he was killed.

THE ADVANTAGES OF VOCAL MUSIC.

(Translated from the Spanish for the Mirror.)

On instruction in Singing, considered as one of the most essential objects towards the perfection of primary and general education.

THE moral influence of music consecrated by the legislation and public institutions of many nations of antiquity, and especially the Greeks, has been almost entirely unknown, or ill-directed in modern times. In some German states they have begun to restore that empire, once exercised in the amelioration of mankind, by singing and music, by uniting them both to the plan of general education; not as an act of mere luxury, or amusement, solely reserved for the better classes of society, but as a part, if we may so speak, of the common patrimony of humanity, which education ought to cultivate, and render productive. For this reason the greater part of those, who, in the states before mentioned, have the direction of the establishments for the primary instruction of youth, are obliged to exercise their pupils in singing music, essentially contributes towards the improvement of man; by its power it embraces, at one and the same time, physical and gymnastic education, since it unfolds the organs of speech, and adds vigour to the chest and lungs; and moral and intellectual education, as it awakens in the human heart sentiments of beneficence and love, and gives to the understanding a superior degree of emotion and vivacity. Music, by producing in the soul pleasant, profound, and varied impressions, is calculated to soften the manners, and to render the existence of man more delightful. It gives additional elevation to religious rites, awakens valour in battle, and enlivens joy on occasions of festivity; it causes its beneficial influence to be felt in the bosom of families, contributes to fill the leisure hours of the learned, by agreeably diverting him from his graver occupations, renewing the vigour of his mind, inspiring his imagination with new ideas, and animating him to the renewal of his labours. It banishes frivolity, and gives solidity to the character of him who is addicted to the noisy pleasures of the world, by recalling him from time to time to himself. It consoles the unfortunate, increases the delights of prosperity, and, in short, diffuses in the soul an oblivion of the ills of this life, accompanied by presentiments of another existence not only free from them, but at the same time, pure, grateful, heavenly,

and purged from the cloudy atmosphere, by which our most joyous days are obscured on earth.

It is of the greatest importance, that music should be emulously taught to even the humbler classes of society: its study merits particular attention, and the results which it produces are so important, that we cannot too highly estimate the necessity of teaching its rudiments, in primary schools, in conjunction with reading, writing, arithmetic, geometry, and drawing.

Society, comparatively speaking, contains but few individuals adequately favoured by fortune, to be able to procure a musical instrument, and incur the expense which the acquisition of its use requires. But nature, ever liberal in her gifts, has bestowed on man the richest and most agreeable instrument in his voice, and in song, capable of producing an endless variety of sounds. The human voice is, in fact, superior to all invented instruments: beyond any of them it penetrates the soul, electrifies its most secret and delicate fibres, and submits them to its controul: it is, in short, alone able of itself to form as many tones as are produced by all instruments. Among those persons who have acknowledged the necessity of comprising instruction in singing, or vocal music, in the number of objects belonging to primary education, the late Charles Dalberg, Grand Duke of Frankfort, deserves particular notice, as one equally recommendable for the nobleness and elevation of his mind, as for the rare qualities of his heart. Like what the chief man of a state should always be, he was the friend of humanity, and directed his thoughts to the happiness of the people, over whom he was called to preside.

This excellent prince, who honoured Mr. Jullien with his friendship, and frequently explained to him his ideas on the improvement of elementary instruction, and the intimate connection of this improvement with public prosperity, designed by means of instruction in singing, to render the condition of the working classes better and more agreeable, by procuring them pleasures, both pure and simple, and of easy acquisition. To this end he proposed to awaken and nourish in their minds two of the sublimest sentiments which most honour and dignify man in his own eyes; namely, gentle and consoling piety, which raises him up to the author of his being, and the love of country, which extends and enlarges his existence, by associating his fate with that of a great number of his fellow-creatures. In the celebrated scholastic esta-

blishment, formed at Iverdun, on the plan of Pestalozzi, and in the two handsome colleges which belong to the agricultural society of Hofwil, the teaching of vocal music has been introduced from the commencement, as an essential part of education. Mr. Pictet, speaking of Mr. Fellenberg, (the director of the colleges already mentioned,) assures us, that this great man was persuaded of the utility of singing to the improvement of education, by softening the character of the young, rectifying their passions, weakening or repressing their vicious inclinations, and establishing an harmonious concord between the heart and the understanding; unfolding the love of order and the beautiful, awakening that of country, engraven on our hearts by nature herself, and exciting a religious veneration which leads them to direct their imagination and their sentiments towards heaven. In those scholastic establishments, all the students are taught the theory of music, and the Sundays are devoted to this study, as well as reading and other objects, at which time they are exercised in tuning and modulating sacred canticles and national marches.

In Switzerland, there are many elementary schools, in which the system of musical instruction has been reduced to practice, as laid down by Messrs. Pfeiffer and Naegeli, of Zurich. Desirous of giving a greater degree of popularity to the art, and of generalizing it as much as possible, these two gentlemen have preserved the principles of Pestalozzi's method; but, returning to its primary elements, they have succeeded in simplifying them in such a manner, that children cannot fail to comprehend them with ease. The principles of this method are not, however, new, but consist solely in fixing with precision, the bases of the science and the art; in giving very little to be learned at once; in separating and simplifying the elements, familiarizing children with them, by presenting them one after the other, advancing them by insensible degrees, above all, in accustoming them not to mix or confound things of a distinct nature, and so conducting them as to be imbued by little and little with the science, in order that this may take deep root, and be, as it were, inseparable from their minds. The object of this method is, that the pupils, on concluding their course of education, may execute with promptitude, precision, and firmness, the most difficult pieces. The system, in short, turns out to be no other thing than an application, directed to musical science, of the analytical and philosophical path, traced out by Bacon,

Locke, J. J. Rousseau, Condillac, Des-tutt, Tracy, Cabanis, &c.; the same which is now so successfully adopted in all arts and sciences to facilitate their study, and accelerate their progress.

The society established in Paris, for the improvement of elementary instruction, which has already done so much good for the poor and industrious classes, and so powerfully contributed towards the perfection of primary education, (too long neglected in France, where it was imperfect, and even pernicious,) has powerfully exerted itself in introducing lessons in singing into the schools for mutual instruction. This happy reformation has produced the most excellent effects; the moral results are, above all, palpably evident.

Mr. Amoros, a Spaniard, naturalized in France, and a member of the society alluded to, to whom that country is indebted for the formation of a civil and military gymnasium, in which youth are taught, under able masters, the various exercises calculated to unfold their powers, and give them dexterity, has added music to those exercises, being convinced of the efficacy of this art, in contributing to strengthen the lungs and the organs of speech, as well as of its salutary moral influence. In a work he has written, he says, "Now that music has lost so much of its primitive dignity, and of its power over man, since it ceased to be popular or general, and has taken refuge in the cloisters, or been confined to the theatre, what reason is there why we should not restore to it its ancient splendour, by applying it to the improvement of our manners, our character, our organization even, and temperament?" What obstacle is there which can be placed in opposition to such happy ideas?—*Oculus*.

WINTER,

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

(For the Mirror.)

THE Summer skies no more are blue,
The Birds sit tuneless on the tree;
The fields have lost their verdant hue,
And all looks sad, and drear to me;—
Stern WINTER has begun his reign,
And chill and murky is the air;
And though I rove the hill and plain,
No blooming flow'ret meets me there!
A few brief months,—and WINTER flies,
And Nature clad in gayest hue,
With milder gales, and brighter skies,
The Summer's glory shall renew;—
But for the lone, and blighted heart,
What future Summer can remain?—
Can nature's charms one joy impart,
Or bid it hope, and bloom again?

Ah! no;—though Summer suns will rise,
 And Birds will sing, and flow'rets bloom;
 Once chill'd,—the heart's lost energies,
 No future season can relume;—
 The smiling Sun, the verdant grove,
 But mock the tortured bosom's pain;
 They ne'er can Sorrow's sting remove,
 Or bring lost hopes,—lost peace again!

The Sketch Book.

No. XIV.

WILL WIZARD AND TOM STRADDLE.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING, ESQ.

SOME men delight in the study of plants, in the dissection of a leaf, or the contour and complexion of a tulip; others are charmed with the beauties of the feathered race, or the varied hues of the insect tribe. A naturalist will spend hours in the fatiguing pursuit of a butterfly; and a man of the town will waste whole years in the chase of a fine lady. I feel a respect for their avocations, for my own are somewhat similar. I love to open the great volume of human character: to me the examination of a beau is more interesting than that of a daffodil or narcissus; and I feel a thousand times more pleasure in catching a new view of human nature, than in kidnapping the most gorgeous butterfly—even an Emperor of Morocco himself.

In my present situation I have ample room for the indulgence of this taste; for perhaps there is not a house in this city more fertile in subjects for the anatomists of human character, than my cousin Cockloft's. Honest Christopher, as I have before mentioned, is one of those hearty old cavaliers who pride themselves upon keeping up the good, honest, unceremonious hospitality of old times. He is never so happy as when he has drawn about him a knot of sterling hearted associates, and sits at the head of his table, dispensing a warm, cheering welcome to all. His countenance expands at every glass, and beams forth emanations of hilarity, benevolence, and good fellowship, that inspire and gladden every guest around him. It is no wonder, therefore, that such excellent social qualities should attract a host of guests; in fact, my cousin is almost overwhelmed with them; and they all, uniformly, pronounce old Cockloft to be one of the finest old fellows in the world. His wine also always comes in for a good share of their approbation; nor do they forget to do honour to Mrs.

Cockloft's cookery, pronouncing it to be modelled after the most approved recipes of Heliogabulus and Mrs. Glasse. The variety of company thus attracted is particularly pleasing to me; for being considered a privileged person in the family, I can sit in a corner, indulge in my favourite amusement of observation, and retreat to my elbow-chair, like a bee to his hive, whenever I have collected sufficient food for meditation.

Will Wizard is particularly efficient in adding to the stock of originals which frequent our house; for he is one of the most inveterate hunters of oddities I ever knew; and his first care, on making a new acquaintance, is to gallant him to old Cockloft's, where he never fails to receive the freedom of the house in a pinch from his gold box. Will has, without exception, the queerest, most eccentric, and indescribable set of intimates that ever man possessed; how he became acquainted with them I cannot conceive, except by supposing there is a secret attraction or unintelligible sympathy that unconsciously draws together oddities of every soil.

Will's great crony for some time was Tom Straddle, to whom he really took a great liking. Straddle had just arrived in an importation of hardware, fresh from the city of Birmingham, or rather as the most learned English would call it, *Brummagem*, so famous for its manufactories of gimblets, pen-knives, and pepper-boxes, and where they make buttons and beaux enough to inundate our whole country. He was a young man of considerable standing in the manufactory at Birmingham; sometimes had the honour to hand his master's daughter into a tin-whiskey, was the oracle of the tavern he frequented on Sundays, and could beat all his associates, if you would take his word for it, in boxing, beer-drinking, jumping over chairs, and imitating cats in a gutter and opera singers. Straddle was, moreover, a member of a Catch-club, and was a great hand at ringing bob-majors; he was, of course, a complete connoisseur in music, and entitled to assume that character at all performances in the art. He was likewise a member of a Spouting-club; had seen a company of strolling actors perform in a barn, and had even, like Abel Drucker, "enacted" the part of Major Sturgeon with considerable applause; he was consequently a profound critic, and fully authorised to turn up his nose at any American performances. He had twice partaken of annual dinners, given to the head manufacturers of Birmingham, where he had the good fortune to

get a taste of turtle and turbot, and a smack of champagne and burgundy; and he had heard a vast deal of the roast beef of Old England;—he was, therefore, epicure sufficient to d—n every dish and every glass of wine he tasted in America, though at the same time he was as voracious an animal as ever crossed the Atlantic. Straddle had been splashed half a dozen times by the carriages of nobility, and had once the superlative felicity of being kicked out of doors by the footman of a noble Duke; he could, therefore, talk of nobility and despise the untitled plebeians of America. In short, Straddle was one of those dapper, bustling, florid, round, self-important “*gemmen*,” who bounce upon us half beau half button-maker; undertake to give us the true polish of the *bon-ton*, and endeavour to inspire us with a proper and dignified contempt of our native country.

Straddle was quite in raptures when his employers determined to send him to America as an agent. He considered himself as going among a nation of barbarians, where he would be received as a prodigy; he anticipated, with a proud satisfaction, the bustle and confusion his arrival would occasion; the crowd that would throng to gaze at him as he passed through the streets; and had little doubt but that he should excite as much curiosity as an Indian chief or a Turk in the streets of Birmingham. He had heard of the beauty of our women, and chuckled at the thought of how completely he should eclipse their unpolished beaux, and the number of despairing lovers that would mourn the hour of his arrival. I am even informed by Will Wizard that he put good store of beads, spike-nails, and looking-glasses in his trunk, to win the affections of the fair ones as they paddled about in their bark canoes. The reason Will gave for this error of Straddle's respecting our ladies was, that he had read in Guthrie's Geography that the aborigines of America were all savages; and not exactly understanding the word aborigines he applied to one of his fellow apprentices, who assured him that it was the Latin word for inhabitants.

Wizard used to tell another anecdote of Straddle, which always put him in a passion: Will swore that the captain of the ship told him; that when Straddle heard they were off the Banks of Newfoundland, he insisted upon going on shore there to gather some good cabbages, of which he was excessively fond. Straddle, however, denied all this, and declared it to be a mischievous quiz of Will Wizard, who indeed often made himself merry at his expense. However this may

be, certain it is he kept his tailor and shoemaker constantly employed for a month before his departure; equipped himself with a smart crooked stick about eighteen inches long, a pair of breeches of most unheard-of length, a little short pair of Hoby's white-topped boots, that seemed to stand on tip-toe to reach his breeches, and his hat had the true transatlantic declination towards his right ear. The fact was—nor did he make any secret of it—he was determined to *astonish the natives a few!*

Straddle was not a little disappointed on his arrival, to find the Americans were rather more civilized than he had imagined;—he was suffered to walk to his lodgings unmolested by a crowd, and even unnoticed by a single individual;—no love-letters came pouring in upon him;—no rivals lay in wait to assassinate him;—his very dress excited no attention, for there were many fools dressed equally ridiculous with himself. This was mortifying indeed to an aspiring youth, who had come out with the idea of astonishing and captivating. He was equally unfortunate in his pretensions to the character of critic, connoisseur and boxer: he condemned our whole dramatic corps, and every thing appertaining to the theatre; but his critical abilities were ridiculed;—he found fault with old Cock-loft's dinner, not even sparing his wine, and was never invited to the house afterwards;—he scoured the streets at night, and was cudgelled by a sturdy watchman;—he hoaxed an honest mechanic, and was soundly kicked. Thus disappointed in all his attempts at notoriety, Straddle hit on the expedient which was resorted to by the Giblets; he determined to take the town by storm. He accordingly bought horses and equipages, and forthwith made a furious dash at style in a gig and tandem.

As Straddle's finances were but limited, it may easily be supposed that his fashionable career infringed a little upon his consignments, which was indeed the case—for to use a true cockney phrase, *Brummagem suffered*. But this was a circumstance that made little impression upon Straddle, who was now a lad of spirit—and lads of spirit always despise the sordid cares of keeping another man's money. Suspecting this circumstance, I never could witness any of his exhibitions of style, without some whimsical association of ideas. Did he give an entertainment to a host of guzzling friends, I immediately fancied them gormandizing heartily at the expense of poor Birmingham, and swallowing a consignment of hand-saws and razors. Did I behold him dashing through Broadway in his gig, I

saw him, "in my mind's eye," driving tandem on a nest of tea-boards; nor could I ever contemplate his cockney exhibitions of horsemanship, but my mischievous imagination would picture him spurring a cask of hardware, like rosy Bacchus bestriding a beer barrel, or the little gentleman who be-straddles the world in the front of Hutching's Almanack.

Straddle was equally successful with the Giblets, as may well be supposed; for though pedestrian merit may strive in vain to become fashionable in Gotham, yet a candidate in an equipage is always recognised, and like Philip's ass, laden with gold, will gain admittance everywhere. Mounted in his curriole or his gig, the candidate is like a statue elevated on a high pedestal; his merits are discernible from afar, and strike the dullest optics. Oh! Gotham, Gotham! most enlightened of cities! how does my heart swell with delight when I behold your sapient inhabitants lavishing their attention with such wonderful discernment!

Thus Straddle became quite a man of the town, and was caressed, and courted, and invited to dinners and balls. Whatever was absurd or ridiculous in him before, was now declared to be the style.—He criticised our theatre, and was listened to with reverence. He pronounced our musical entertainments barbarous; and the judgment of Apollo himself would not have been more decisive. He abused our dinners; and the god of eating, if there be any such deity, seemed to speak through his organs.—He became at once a man of taste—for he put his malediction on every thing; and his arguments were conclusive—for he supported every assertion with a bet. He was likewise pronounced by the learned in the fashionable world, a young man of great research and deep observation—for he had sent home as natural curiosities, an ear of Indian corn, a pair of moccasins, a belt of wampum, and a four-leaved clover. He had taken great pains to enrich this curious collection with an Indian, and a catarract, but without success. In fine, the people talked of Straddle and his equipage, and Straddle talked of his horses, until it was impossible for the most critical observer to pronounce whether Straddle or his horses were most admired, or whether Straddle admired himself or his horses most.

Straddle was now in the zenith of his glory.—He swaggered about parlours and drawing-rooms with the same unceasing confidence he used to display in the taverns at Birmingham. He

accosted a lady as he would a bar-maid; and this was pronounced a certain proof that he had been used to better company in Birmingham. He became the great man of all the taverns between New-York and Haerlem; and no one stood a chance of being accommodated until Straddle and his horses were perfectly satisfied. He dined the landlords and waiters with the best air in the world, and accosted them with true gentlemanly familiarity. He staggered from the dinner table to the play, entered the box like a tempest, and staid long enough to be bored to death, and to bore all those who had the misfortune to be near him. From thence he dashed off to a ball, time enough to flounder through a cotillion, tear half a dozen gowns, commit a number of other depredations, and make the whole company sensible of his infinite condescension in coming amongst them. The people of Gotham thought him a prodigious fine fellow; the young bucks cultivated his acquaintance with the most persevering assiduity, and his retainers were sometimes complimented with a seat in his curriole, or a ride on one of his fine horses. The belles were delighted with the attention of such a fashionable gentleman, and struck with astonishment at his learned distinctions between wrought scissors and those of cast-steel; together with his profound dissertations on buttons and horse flesh. The rich merchants courted his acquaintance because he was an Englishman, and their wives treated him with great deference, because he had come from beyond seas. I cannot help here observing that your salt water is a marvellous great sharpener of men's wits, and I intend to recommend it to some of my acquaintance in a particular essay.

Straddle continued his brilliant career for only a short time. His prosperous journey over the turnpike of fashion, was checked by some of those stumbling-blocks in the way of aspiring youth, called creditors—or duns:—a race of people who, as a celebrated writer observes, "are hated by gods and men." Consignments slackened, whispers of distant suspicion floated in the dark, and those pests of society, the tailors and shoemakers, rose in rebellion against Straddle. In vain were all his remonstrances, in vain did he prove to them that though he had given them no money, yet he had given them more custom, and as many promises as any young man in the city. They were inflexible, and the signal of danger being given, a host of other prosecutors pounced upon his back. Straddle saw there was but one way for

it; he determined to do the thing genteelly, to go to smash like a hero, and dashed into the limits in high style, being the fifteenth gentleman I have known to drive tandem to the—*ne plus ultra*—the d—l.

Unfortunate Straddle! may thy fate be a warning to all young gentlemen who come out from Birmingham to astonish the natives! I should never have taken the trouble to delineate his character, had he not been a genuine Cockney, and worthy to be the representative of his numerous tribe. Perhaps my simple countrymen may hereafter be able to distinguish between the real English gentleman, and individuals of the east I have heretofore spoken of, as mere mongrels, springing at one bound from contemptible obscurity at home, to day light and splendour in this good natured land. The true born, and true bred English gentleman, is a character I hold in great respect; and I love to look back to the period when our forefathers flourished in the same generous soil, and hailed each other as brothers. But the Cockney!—too when I contemplate him as springing from the same source, I feel ashamed of the relationship, and am tempted to deny my origin.—In the character of Straddle is traced the complete outline of a true Cockney, of English growth, and a descendant of that individual facetious character mentioned by Shakespeare, “*who, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.*”

THE BLACKHEATH ASSEMBLY.

On Monday myself was politely invited
To go to a Ball on the top of Blackheath;
I was told that with beauty I'd there be delighted,
And must tumble in love, in spite of my teeth;
So I dress'd by my glass, till I look'd like

Apollo,
And put on a smile that was perfectly
killing,

Made sure that a dozen of conquests
would follow,

And then, heigho! for the cooling and
billing.

Ti loura, ti loura, dum dee.

Oh! the dear little creatures were daintily drest
all,

To choose which was loveliest only was puzz-
ling;

Not an elderly lady but look'd like a vestal,
Nor a young one that was not an angel in
muslin.

I felt myself lost in a crowd of Divinities,
I found that my heart was beginning to
tingle;

Thinks I to myself, my dear ladies, what
sin it is—

That one of the party should ever be
single.

Ti loura, ti loura, dum dee.

So I made up my mind, ere the evening was over,
To some pretty partner to make my advances,
A waltz or quadrille has fix'd many a lover,
And Cupid is famous for darning at dances.

Then I gave my fair partner a look like a
love letter,

And verily thought the expression had
caught her,

But my friend wish'd me joy, said my next
hit might prove better,

For the lady was blest with six sons and
a daughter!

Ti loura, ti loura, dum dee.

As soon as I heard it my heart was my own again,
For I couldn't maintain a *whole set of quad-
rillers*;

But, in the next dance, oh! the wanton was gone
again,

For the Ball-room was full of these pretty
men-killers,

The *Spanish* dance tempted to cast a fond
look again,

My precautions again were beginning
to vanish,

But my friend spied my meaning, and
brought me to book again,

For my partner he told me, had none of
the *Spanish*.

Ti loura, ti loura, dum dee.

Oh! Emily, Anna, Kate, Fanny and Mary,
Amelia, and Lucy, and Bessy, and Catherine—
Not one of you present but look'd like a fairy,
And set a fond Irishman's heart a wool-
gathering.

'Twas Oberon's Court, at the Green Man
assembled,

And ye were the sprites that his lady
Queen Mab sent;

With affection I glow'd, and with reve-
rence trembled,

For all who were present, and one who
was absent.

Ti loura, ti loura, dum dee.

Then the music, so sweet, kept my ears in the
pillory,

The fiddles were all of them genuine Cre-
monas,

And the Colonels and Captains of Royal Artillery,
Were gentle as Junos, and brave as Bellonas;

When all the quadrilles in the world had
been given us,

Then the kind-hearted folks, lest the
dance might fatigue us,

Gave us plenty of tea and new rolls to
enliven us,

For the ladies all vote it far better than
negus.

Ti loura, ti loura, dum dee.

Now, long live the ladies who visit the Green
Man,

Wives, widows, and maidens, long life to them
all;

And if ever you're seized with a fit of the spleen,
man,

Pray post to Blackheath, and make one at the
Ball.

Blackheath, Dec. 24, 1823.

J. B.

RIDDLE.

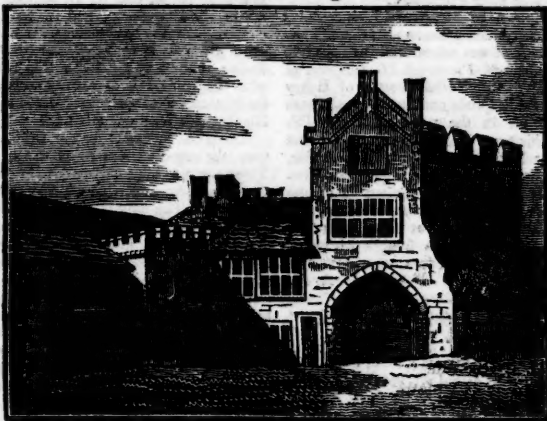
A word by grammarians used in our
tongue,

Of such a construction is seen,

That if from five syllables you take away
one,

No syllable then will remain.

Dartford Nunnery, Kent.



"Revenge! Revenge!" in accents hoarse,
The Saxon Offa cried,
As he pursued his anxious course,
Along the Darent's side.

"Betray'd by friendship and by love,
While blood bounds thro' my veins,
I vow 'fore all the powers above,
Fierce vengeance on the Danes.

"Revenge! Revenge! my soul inspires—
To loved Editha's manes,
I vow till fleeting breath expires,
Fell vengeance on the Danes."

THE idea upon which this little rhapsody is founded, though arising from an historical source, is merely *legendary*. It is stated, that the *Danes*, in their piratical excursions, frequently ravaged the coast of *Kent*, and sometimes carried their inroads, and pursued their depredations up the country. Dartford where there was a seminary of noble virgins, which probably might have been founded by *Ethelbert*, under the auspices of *Austin*, was ravaged, and burnt, and, says tradition, the holy inmates, among whom was *Editha*, the daughter of a Saxon king, treacherously violated and barbarously murdered. This, whether true or fabulous, is merely stated to show its antiquity, because we know that few of the *Fables* of early ages either floated on the pinions of local tradition, or were chained to the desks of monastic libraries, except they were in some degree, however small, supported by facts.

In the age to which we allude, the Nunnery of Dartford, of the remains of

which we furnish an engraving from an original design, was founded by that gallant and magnificent monarch, *Edward III.*, and it is curious enough to observe, that in this instance, war and religion took their turns like day and night.

In the year 1331, the king held a Tournament at Dartford.—Tournaments were in those times not only scenes of unbounded splendour and luxury, but we fear, sometimes of pleasure that degenerated into licentiousness. Be this as it may, whether the ladies, in process of time, found any reason to *repent*, or the monarch deemed such an establishment commemorative, he, in the year 1355, founded a Nunnery, which, it will be observed by the plate, was built in the plainest monastic style. Yet it seems, either from its extent, interior decorations, or lands appended to it, to have been a place of very considerable importance: for it was at the time of the Reformation valued at £390. per annum. This building the historian *Lombardy*, says, *Henry VIII.* converted it into a house for himself and successors. Of the structure, once governed by *Bridget of York*, the fourth daughter of *Edward IV.* only a gateway, the south wing adjoining, and the stone walls in the garden, remain. These vestiges are, however, sufficient to urge the mind to a contemplation of that system once so prevalent, under which numbers of both sexes were taken out of society, at a time of life when their talents would have rendered them useful, and whenever their conduct, if we may presume that they in seclusion, encountered rather

than avoided temptation, would probably have been more exemplary.

The town of *Dartford* which contains 2,406 inhabitants, has an air of great antiquity. In it was solemnized the marriage (by proxy) of *Frederick II.* Emperor of Germany, with *Isabella*, sister of *Henry III.*, and hospitals and alms'-houses were here built in the reign of *Henry IV.* And this town is also memorable for that great rebellion headed by *Wat Tyler*, which was occasioned by the indecent behaviour of one of the Collectors of the Poll-Tax. *Rapin* erroneously says, that *Wat Tyler* resided at *Deptford*; this error, excusable in a foreign historian, has been suffered to pass uncorrected by his Editor. A. M.

CHRISTMAS GAMES OF THE JAMAICA NEGROES.

ALTHOUGH slavery is a bitter cup, however it may be disguised, yet the situation of the negroes in the West India Islands has been considerably ameliorated of late years. They have neither been worked so hard, or treated with so much severity as formerly. They have also been allowed a few days of uncontrolled pastime to lighten the weary chain of slavery. Christmas shines a holiday to the sable son of woe as well as to his fairer taskmaster, as will be seen by the following account of the Christmas racket of the negroes, which is communicated in a letter from *Jamaica*, written some years ago:

*Falmouth, Jamaica,
3rd May, 1810.*

MY DEAR C.—About a fortnight before Christmas last, I was awakened one morning before day, with a very unusual sound of mirth. I heard a drum beating, and, as near as I could conjecture, about three or four dozen of voices singing, *La, la, la*, in great style. On inquiry, I found that it was a parcel of black women, marching up and down, beginning the Christmas racket. Now, you must know, that at that merry season, the Negroes have four days entirely to themselves, namely, Christmas day, the day before, the day after, and New Year's day; during that time they are free, and a pretty sort of freedom they make of it.

To prepare for this momentous period is the business of the whole year; every penny is scraped together, by begging, borrowing, and stealing. In *Falmouth*, there are two parties, the blues and the reds, and the whole of the business is, which of these shall excel in dress, numbers, beauty, and fine singing; their masters and mistresses are also brought

into the scrape; for example, Mr. ———'s is a Blue house, that is, all our Negroes are of the Blue party, and we must, of course, be of the same colour. The Negroes of our next neighbour may be Reds; that again is called a Red house: with the Whites it is merely a nominal distinction, but with the Browns and Blacks, it is a serious affair.

About a fortnight before Christmas, then, the negro women begin to prepare. They get up long before day, shoulder their water-buckets, and off to the tank for water. The tank is a reservoir, which stands in the middle of the town, where every body gets their water, like your public wells in *Edinburgh*; but, instead of minding their business, down go the buckets. The Blues collect in one corner; the Reds in another; and there they begin. Some stout negro man joins each party, who can beat, and rattles away at their head on an old drum, keeping time to their voices; this continues till after day-break, when they are obliged to muster up their scattered utensils, and trudge home. This is what I call the rehearsal, and the nearer it draws to Christmas, the more assemble, and the longer the said rehearsal lasts.

The much wished for morning dawns at last, to the great joy of the whole black race, and to the great annoyance of all lovers of peace and good order. Buckra's (white person) house is left to take care of itself; out set the negroes, one and all, to the jubilee, and about day-light the uproar begins; drums, fifes, tambourines, fiddles, and voices, *la, la, la*. I pulled on my clothes last Christmas morning, and set out determined to see the dust. I followed the sound of the hurricane that was nearest me, and met the Blues plump in the face. Lord have mercy on us, such a sight! They were dressed exactly alike: first and foremost, a white muslin turban, spangled with silver, was twisted round their curly locks; in the front of which stuck something like a feather, and beneath peeped their round and black faces as "Fair as the star of the morning." Their necks were uncovered; and to mark their colour, they each wore a short spencer of light blue silk, or Persian, tastefully trimmed with white, and bound at the bottom with an orange-coloured sash, tied in a large knot behind, with the ends hanging down to their heels, likewise adorned with spangles. A short white muslin petticoat, with a wrought border, white stockings, and fancy shoes and gloves, made up the dress. In the front marched the drummer; on each side of him a standard bearer (men) carrying, one a silk flag of light blue, and

the other a white, famously decorated. Round these were collected all the idlers, or mobility, some playing on one thing, some another, all keeping good time. Close following came the Queen, (each party has a King and Queen,) supported on each side by a *maid of honour*, glittering in finery; after her followed the principal ladies, two and two, arm and arm; betwixt them, again marched the rest, in regular succession, two and two, according to their size, the smallest bringing up the rear. The drums beat and the ladies sing. The glittering colours wave in the sun-beams, and the multitude rejoice. The Reds follow the same order, only red is their predominant colour.

You will naturally ask where do slaves get all this? I'll tell you: the Mulattos take a principal part in the fray. The elderly brown women in Falmouth, many of whom are well to do, head the different parties in private, regulate the ceremonies, and purchase the dresses out of their own purse, while the young brown girls make them; and to such a height is the spirit of emulation carried, that the brown woman who headed the Reds last year, said publicly, that, "before the Blues should gain the day, she would sell a negro, and spend every farthing of the money." In this order, then, and with the greatest glee imaginable, do the two parties parade up and down, from one corner of the town to the other, all day. The first day of the year is the last and grandest exhibition, and it is then that the great trial of strength takes place, and the King makes his appearance. In the forenoon it is not known who will gain the day, for many additions take place on both sides. About five in the evening both parties make their appearance complete. The music comes first; then comes the King, superbly dressed in blue or red, covered with gold or silver lace, a sword at his side, and a cocked hat. On his right walks *her Majesty*; on his left the chief maid of hour. Immediately behind comes his Majesty's chief officer, with other two principal dames on each arm; and so on in succession, a gentleman being now placed between each two ladies, all attired in court dresses. The King and his retinue are generally the handsomest young negroes in the town. The King himself is always a free black. Immediately at dusk, a thousand candles are lighted up, and the procession moves by candle light. About seven of each party takes their station before the principal house of their colour. The Blues last year encamped before our door, and the King made the piazza the hall of audience. The Reds were almost oppo-

sited at another house. In our piazza, a table was set forth covered. On it stood a cake six stories high, round each story smaller as it drew towards the top, powdered over with sugar, and on each side of it stood half a dozen of Madeira, glasses, &c. &c. At this table sat their Majesties attended, and the piazza was perfectly full of people of all descriptions. Mr. and Mrs. —, and some company which we had that day at dinner, came all down to pay their respects. They drank a glass of wine with the sovereigns, and marched up stairs again. The rest at this time had formed a circle at the door, and there they danced, surrounded by the candle holders and an immense mob. At ten the procession moves off in order; the King and Queen are escorted to their abode; he bows, and she curtsies to their subjects; the subjects bow in return. Three loud cheers are given; the drums beat, and the colours wave. Their Majesties retire. The candles are put out, and I conclude my letter.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF RIEGO.

(By the Illustrator of Oastan's Poems.)

(For the Mirror.)

Shall freedom's agents, forc'd by slavery, fly
From climes unworthy, to their native sky—
Fill up the measure of a bigot's pride
Whom every scoundrel monk is free to chide
And British pens be still—no!—'twere a shame
—Freedom shall make slaves blush at Riego's
name!
Benighted fools, in bigotry's dark gloom
Ye gave the generous Riego glory's tomb,
But knew it not—your priests now raunt and
tell
And preach the justice of their actions fell
And from your toils their bloated bodies swell.
Yet he shall live!—ere long the day will come
That o'er his dust will see a patriot's tomb,
Which time shall save from his destroying blast,
To prove that virtuous deeds will ever last,
And paint the follies of your seaman's reign
Whom every virtuous monarch must disdain,
Ah, superstitious slaves—ah, Moors, of gothic
Spain!

PETER PINDARICS,

OR, JOE MILLER VERSIFIED.

THE ROBBER ROBB'D.

A certain priest had hoarded up
A mass of secret gold;
And where he might bestow it safe,
He knew not to behold.
At last it came into his thoughts
To lock it in a chest,
Within the chancel; and he wrote
Thereon, *Hi Deus est*.
A merry grig, whose greedy mind
Did long for such a prey,
Respecting not the sacred words
That on the casket lay.
Took out the gold; and blotting out
The priest's inscript thereon,
Wrote, *Resurrexit, non est hic*;
Your god is now and gone.

INCONSISTENCY IN "KENILWORTH."

(For the Mirror.)

SIR.—In reading that much admired novel of the great unknown 'Kenilworth,' I was struck with the following passages, which seem directly to contradict one another, they are in the 6th chapter, vol. ii. "But his eye-brows were as dark as the keen and piercing black eyes which they shaded;" and in a few pages farther, he says, "while an observing glance of the most shrewd penetration shot from under the penthouse of his shaggy white eye-brows." You will plainly perceive the error in these passages, and that there are frequently blunders among beauties; but if this great unknown calls black white he should not tell us so, when describing any thing otherwise beautiful. I am, yours,

Dec. 27.

PETER TOMKINS.

SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals.CHARACTER OF THE REV.
EDWARD IRVING.

THAT in Mr. Irving we have discovered our imaginary preacher, we can by no means admit; we have read his volume with bitter and painful disappointment: bitter, because the work falls so far short of the expectation which his fame had excited; painful, because it is an ungracious and unwelcome office to depreciate, in the least, the labours of a zealous man, which appear to have produced so striking an effect on so great a concourse of hearers; to have startled so many of the thoughtless and dissipated; and captivated so many undisciplined, but ardent and enthusiastic minds. But Mr. Irving would despise us if we were not as fearless in performing our duty, as he is in his. We consider popularity, in London especially, so uncertain a criterion of excellence, that its verdict can neither awe nor control our opinions. From the tone of our former observations, the author will perceive that we are not blindly wedded to our own system of preaching; and as to the charitable insinuation of 'illiberal jealousy,' with which we find that Mr. Irving's admirers attempt to beat down every one who will not bow to their idol, that we can only treat with disregard,—as we do the wanton falsehood, so industriously circulated, that our ministers, in whom the inseparable interests of the church and state are vested by the crown,

have followed the prevailing fashion of deserting their parish churches, and hurried, day after day, to what, by the law of England, (we speak without intended, and, we hope, without suspected disparagement to the Scottish church,) is no more than a licensed conventicle. Had the orator attained or approximated to the lofty station assigned to him by popular report, we may have felt a blameless regret that our own church had not produced the consummate preacher; that the crowds which flowed to Hatton Garden had not rather thronged to one of our splendid new churches, at Mary-le-bone, Pancras, or Chelsea; but still, we should have hailed the eloquent advocate of Christianity with pride and satisfaction, as an ornament to our common literature, and a support, to be valued as much as it is wanted in our capriciousness and uncertain days, to our common religion. But we cannot recognise as the champion of our faith, a reasoner so vague and inconsistent, a declaimer so turgid and unintelligible, a writer so coarse and incorrect. We deprecate the introduction of a system of preaching which must eventually be dangerous to the interests of Christianity, and which is equally objectionable in its design and execution. However imperfect our rules of pulpit eloquence may be, we are convinced of their substantial truth; against all and each of those of Mr. Irving offends; nor do we think that his own merits, which, better regulated, would be considerable, counterbalance the violation of every principle: for we must be excused in saying that his is not the brave neglect of a transcendent genius, but an affected and elaborate outrage against nature, simplicity, and truth. Even that primary and indispensable excellence, which arises from the *ῥῆσος*, (we studiously adopt the Greek word,) as far as it is displayed in the work itself, is wanting in Mr. Irving. Far from creating a favourable impression of himself, his book commences, and we lament to say, proceeds, in a tone of self-sufficiency, we had almost written arrogance, which not all the piety of Taylor, nor the theologic depth of Barrow, nor the conscious strength of Horsley could excuse; but here with nothing to vindicate it beyond the erudition of a school boy, and a theology so indistinct and inconsistent, as to appear to take refuge from the detection of its unsoundness in its redundant and confused language; it is not merely in itself offensive, but destroys the effect of that boldness, which otherwise all would admire, with which many fashionable follies and vices are assailed.

Mr. Irving's system seems to be, not to confine religious advice to topics of religion alone, but to introduce every subject which may occur, either literary or political, in the way of digression and illustration. The sermon is to be made as amusing as possible; no longer to restrict itself to the exposition of Scripture, the unfolding of points of doctrine, or exhortation to Christian duty, but the preacher is to add to his office those of pamphleteer, journalist, and reviewer. But has not Mr. Irving the good sense to perceive, that to admit matters of taste and opinion into the pulpit, however attractive at first, must invalidate its authority, and detract from that religious reverence, which the sanctity of the place and the priestly character ought to ensure? It is dangerous for a preacher to give his audience an opportunity of differing from him with justice and propriety. If they question the truth of his discourses on these points, they will suspect his authority on those which are more important. If he is a bad critic in their estimation, they will naturally doubt his being a good divine. There is, however, a more serious charge. We cannot endure the liberty of the old Grecian comedy being assumed in the pulpit. Mr. Irving introduces personal allusions to the authors of the day, and even attacks them by name. We must reprobate a practice so irreconcilable with the charity, and which may lead to consequences degrading to the dignity of the pulpit.

Mr. Irving's manner of distributing and arranging his subjects by no means fails in comprehensiveness; but it is so perplexed with digressions, and encumbered by intermingling the separate heads, sometimes anticipating what is to come, or reverting to what he has exhausted, that we find it difficult to discover with what part of the plan we are occupied; and after all the care with which our journey has been laid down and mapped, we find ourselves wandering in an inextricable wilderness. His style and diction are still more perversely inconsistent and contradictory. His prose is elaborate, and at the same time singularly deficient in rhythm; a sentence cast in the prolix mould of the ancient pulpit is succeeded by a smart epigram; the full and turgid flow of his great model, Dr. Chalmers, is suddenly broken up into short quaint clauses. For the singularity of his language we cannot permit him to plead his country. It would be the very insolence of pedantry, should we affect to make allowances to the countrymen of Hume, Robertson and Dugald Stewart, for national peculiarity and for incorrectness of writ-

ing. But the dialect of Mr. Irving is neither Scotch nor English, neither ancient nor modern; it is sometimes so forced and strained as to be unintelligible, strange words used in still more strange senses; sometimes it is familiar even to vulgarity: one moment inflated to the highest poetry, the next sinking to the language of the streets. We are almost ashamed of our perpetual antithesis; but, in fact, the faults and merits of Mr. Irving are so strangely balanced and contrasted, so much in opposite extremes, that we know no other way of expressing our opinion with perspicuity and decision.

Is then Mr. Irving eloquent? If he is, the prize of eloquence must be awarded with greater frequency, and may be obtained with greater facility, than such writers as Aristotle, Cicero, and Quintilian supposed. Who may not be eloquent, that is endowed with an imagination in the least ardent and creative, if he has boldness enough to disdain whatever impedes the fluency, and restrains the copiousness of more modest and correct speakers? If it is eloquence, to pour forth every thought in metaphors incongruous, incomplete and clashing with each other; to seize every illustration which occurs from the sacred volume or the meanest occupation of life; if every third sentence may 'mean not but blunder round about a meaning;' if the language may disdain not merely purity and precision, but even grammar; if the expressions are to be confined by no regard, we will not say, to propriety but to decency, (for there are terms, favourite terms with Mr. Irving, which we dare not quote,) then indeed our orator is worthy of the name. But if abundance without selection, fluency without correctness, perpetual repetition without perspicuity; in short, a total want of judgment in the application of extraordinary fertility and exuberance, are imperfections, much is still wanting, before we can accede to the high pretensions of this celebrated preacher.

Finally, we intreat Mr. Irving, for his sake as for our own, in the name of that cause which he is pledged to advocate, not to waste his extraordinary powers; not to sacrifice a permanent and extensive influence to a transient, theatrical success. His usefulness must depend upon his real and lasting excellence; let him therefore despise the poor pride of sending forth his works, crude, disjointed, and unconnected; let him lower his pretensions, without in the least compromising the boldness of a minister of divine truth; let him be more cautious in his assertions, and the subjects which he introduces into

the pulpit, without being restrained or timid; let him set us an example of that 'solemn sequestration of the mind,' of which he speaks, for the great conception and perfect execution of some enduring work in favour of Christianity, and we assure him that none of his fondest admirers, or more eager followers, will hail his appearance more proudly, gladly, or affectionately.

Quarterly Review, No. 58.

Select Biography.

No. I.

CAPTAIN PARRY.

William Edward Parry, the fourth son of Dr. Parry, was born at Bath, on the 19th of December, 1790, and received the rudiments of his education at the grammar school of that city, under the care of the Rev. Nathaniel Morgan. Here he continued till he was about twelve, pursuing his studies with diligence, and uniformly maintaining that deportment which gained him the regard of the masters and the esteem of his school-fellows. At that time Admiral Cornwallis commanded the Channel fleet, to whom young Parry was recommended by a near relative of the Admiral, and was permitted to make trial of the naval service, under the immediate auspices of that gallant officer. He, therefore, joined the *Ville de Paris*, in 1803; and, during his probationary year in this active scene, his conduct was such as secured the high opinion of both the officers and the crew. His intrepidity of character was often displayed, and his deference to his superiors, and his amiable attention to his equals, were constantly manifested. His classical and other attainments, which had been so assiduously acquired while at school, were by no means neglected in his new situation. Admiral Cornwallis had provided for the improvement of the younger members of the provision, and especially for those on board of his own ship. The Rev. William Morgan (afterwards Chaplain of the Royal Navy Asylum, Greenwich), was, at that time, Chaplain of the *Ville de Paris*, and was particularly attentive to the younger branches of his charge; so that, under these circumstances, the first year of Parry's professional career not only developed several valuable qualities of his character, but increased his store of knowledge, and seemed to have rivetted more firmly these principles of virtue and religion, which had been deeply impressed on his mind by the care and attention of his parents.—It showed, too, that his taste and disposition were suited to the

service to which he had been introduced. In reference to this period, the testimony of Admiral Cornwallis is decisive. On the 4th of August, 1804, he writes, "I never knew any one so generally approved of. He will experience civility and kindness from all whilst he continues to conduct himself as he has done, which, I dare believe, will be as long as he lives." The first three years he spent on board the Admiral's ship, in the tedious and unprofitable task of blockading the French fleet in the harbour of Brest; a service in which he had great opportunities of acquiring a knowledge of good discipline and practical seamanship. He still continued equally attentive to his duty, and assiduous in improving his mind, and extending his knowledge, under the superintendence of the Rev. Mr. Morgan, for whose care he always manifested a strong sense of obligation.

In May 1806, Parry joined the *Tri-bune*, 36 guns, then commanded by Capt. Baker, and employed off L'Orient. In the following year, and a part of 1808, this vessel cruised off the west coast of France and the Peninsula, from Rochfort to Lisbon. The acts of service which presented themselves at this period were reconnoitering, and others, which belonged to the blockading party, into all of which young Parry entered with his usual spirit and promptitude. In April, 1808, Capt. Baker was appointed to the *Vanguard*, of 74 guns, then in the Baltic, and which Parry also joined in the following month. Early in the next year, great preparations were made for an active summer in that sea, against the Danes, in which service Parry was again employed. On the 9th of January, 1810, he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant, and on the 9th of February, joined the *Alexandria*, commanded by Capt. Quilliam. Soon after this, the subject of this memoir began to study the situation of the principal fixed stars in our hemisphere, with a view of applying them to the purpose of finding the latitude and longitude at night; he was also, at the same period, employed in preparing charts of the northern navigation. During the two following years, the *Alexandria* remained on the Leith station, protecting the northern whale fishery, and Lieut. Parry still continued to observe the stars. He also employed himself in making a survey of the Baltic Sound and the Voe, in Shetland, a harbour which was very little known, though the only one capable of sheltering men of war in the north-eastern part of these islands. This chart was transmitted to the Lords of the Admiralty in 1813, who were pleased to signify their approbation

of it, and to consider it as highly acceptable. Mr. Parry also, about the same time, presented other charts, of the coasts between Denmark and Sweden, to the hydrographer of the admiralty. While engaged in this service, in 1812, the *Alexandria*, was ordered to proceed as far as 76deg. of north latitude, and return with the last of the whalers; but she was prevented from reaching that parallel by large masses of floating ice, and made the North Cape. The following January, Parry was discharged from the *Alexandria*, and ordered to proceed to Halifax, in which station the years 1813 and 1814 were spent; and where he distributed, among the junior officers, several copies of his practical rules for observing the fixed stars, a corrected copy of which was afterwards printed. In May, 1816, Parry, was at the top of the Admiralty list for promotion; and, in June, was appointed first Lieutenant of his Majesty's ship *Niger*, on the Halifax station, commanded by Capt. Jackson, where he still secured the same esteem and confidence he had obtained on board other vessels. In consequence of a severe affliction experienced by his father, Lieutenant Parry obtained leave to return to England, and he arrived in May, 1817. He spent the summer in the vicinity of Bath, where his parent then resided; and in the autumn of that year, when the first of the late expeditions in search of the north west passage to the Pacific Ocean, was contemplated, Lieutenant Parry was strongly recommended to the Lords of the Admiralty; in consequence of which, he was appointed to the command of the *Alexander*, the second ship destined to explore that passage, under the orders of Capt. Ross. The particulars of this voyage are too well known to require repetition; and the result of the discussions which followed was the appointment of a *new expedition* to the same quarter, to sail in the following spring. Such was the high opinion which the Lords of the Admiralty entertained of Parry's conduct on the former occasion, that the second attempt was entrusted to his sole care and direction; as he not only received the command, but was consulted in the choice of the ships and officers of the expedition. The two ships (Lieut. Parry in the *Hecla*, and Lieut. Liddon in the *Griper*), left England in May, 1819, under the extreme degree of public interest and anxiety. In November of the following year, both vessels almost unexpectedly returned; and, though the object of the expedition had not been fully realized, the most sanguine anticipations as to the safety of the crews had been surpassed; as not a single man was lost,

except one who was unwell when the expedition left England.

Such was the satisfaction which the conduct of the commander, under these new and trying circumstances, rendered to all concerned, that he was immediately promoted, and a *third expedition* planned, under the vigilance and care of the same experienced and intrepid navigator; and such was the confidence inspired by his former deportment, that the officers and men, who volunteered to accompany him, were treble the number that could be accepted. Capt. Parry, therefore, once more left his native country for these hyperborean regions, as already stated in May, 1821.—*Times Telescope*.

Useful Domestic Hints.

In case of danger arising from having drunk water when warm.—Take half an ounce of camphor in a gill of brandy, properly dissolved, at intervals of three minutes.

Meltonian Recipe for Cleaning Boot-Tops.—Wash off the dirt with a soft sponge and clean water, and if any stains remain, rub them off with a piece of flannel, using Bath brick finely powdered, mixed with water—then apply the following mixture to the tops, viz. 1 oz. of Oxalic acid dissolved in a quart of boiling water.

The brick powder is only necessary when the tops are very dirty. And the grit should always be carefully washed off.

N. B. The Oxalic mixtures must be applied cold, and always whilst the tops are wet, and then dried in the sun if possible, but never before the fire.

Best way of taking Castor Oil.—Take the yolk of an egg, beat it well up with a little white sugar, then pour in the oil, and thin the mixture by adding boiling water.

James's Powder.—An analysis lately made by Mr. Phillips, of some of James's Powder, bought from Messrs. Newberrys, St. Paul's Church-yard, yielded

Peroxide of Antimony.....	56.0
Phosphate of Lime	42.2
Oxide of Antimony, impurity and loss.....	1.8

The quantity of protoxide of antimony, contained in the powder, "was so small that it would have been nearly impossible to have ascertained its weight."

Dr. Mac. Culloch's Recipe for Paste.—To be made with flour in the usual way, but rather thick with a proportion of brown sugar, and a small quantity of Corrosive Sublimate. The sugar keeps it flexible, and prevents it scaling off from smooth surfaces, and the corrosive sublimate, independently of preserving it from insects, is an effectual check against its fermentation: This salt, however, does not prevent the formation of mouldiness; but a drop or too of the Essential Oil of Lavender, Peppermint, Anise, or Bergamot, is a complete security against it. Paste made in this manner and exposed to the air, dries without change to a state resembling horn, so that it may at any time be wetted again and applied to use. And if kept in a close covered pot, may be preserved in a state for use at all times.

Acetic Acid, a remedy for Warts and Corns.—According to Mr. A. T. Thomson, "Acetic acid is stimulant and rubefacient. It is principally employed as a refreshing scent in syncope, asphyxia, and nervous head-aches; and for obviating the unpleasant smell of the confined air of crowded assemblies and of the sick-room. It is also an excellent application to warts and corns, which it seldom fails to remove; but in applying it, care must be taken to avoid eroding the surrounding skin."

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff.—*Wootton*."

A RABBINICAL STORY.—In one of the Rabbinical stories in the Talmud, a bird is represented as spreading its wings and blotting out the sun. An egg from another fell out of its nest, and the white thereof overflowed a whole village. One of these birds is said to have stood up to the lower joint of its leg in a river, and some mariners imagining, that the water was not deep, were hastening to bathe, when a voice from heaven said, "step not in there, for seven years ago a carpenter drop't his axe, and it hath not yet reached the bottom."

BON MOT OF VOLTAIRE.—One of the happiest repartees of Voltaire is said to have been made to an Englishman, who had previously been on a visit to the celebrated Haller, in whose praise Voltaire enlarged with great warmth, extolling him as a great Poet, a great Naturalist, and a man of universal attainments.—The Englishman answered that it was very

handsome in Monsieur de Voltaire to speak so well of Monsieur Haller inasmuch as he, the said Monsieur Haller was by no means so liberal to Monsieur de Voltaire, "Alas!" (said Voltaire with an air of philosophic indulgence) "I dare to say we are both of us very much mistaken!"

THE CUSTOMS.	£.	s.	d.
The Annual produce of the Customs in the year 1268, was.....	150	13	10
The gross produce of the Customs in the year ending the 5th of January, 1821, was.....	14,440,881	5	11½
And the Net produce was.....	£10,743,189	13	11

EPIGRAM.

Joe hates a hypocrite: which shews
Self-Love is not a fault of Joe's!

A good simile.—As concise as a king's Declaration of Love.

Superstition is the spleen of the soul.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Correspondents are requested to address all communications for the "Editor," to 143, Strand, where the Mirror will henceforth be published.

LEISURE HOURS, No. I., in our next, when we shall insert "The Amateur Music Party," "Lent, or a visit to my Catholic Friends," "The Mistletoe," "The Princess Charlotte to Prince Leopold," and communication of T. Z.

Rob Roy's Letter, Mus. (who we more than suspect to be in error, in the last paragraph of his letter,) Francisca, Edric, Ignatius, and several articles from some of our early correspondents, shall appear forthwith.

G. F. in some half dozen or dozen lines advises people not to go to law. We at least shall endeavour to follow his advice.

The Ode of BONAS is written in a good feeling, and is by no means destitute of merit, but it is not quite *bonus* enough for the MIRROR.

Jacobus is one among some thirty who have sent us New Year Odes so equal in merit, that we are like the Royal Society of Literature, unable to decide, to which we shall give the preference, and therefore respectfully beg leave to decline inserting them.

We thank Leonidas, but we would not wish to perpetuate the memory of a young officer who could desert his own colours to fight under those of the enemy of his country.

We will endeavour to find room for Mr. Hales. We are still in arrears even in acknowledging a host of communications, but we intend to decide on the whole of them in the course of a few days, when, to use a parliamentary phrase, we shall "report progress, and ask leave to sit again."

Printed and Published by J. LINBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) and sold by all Newsmen and Booksellers.